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THE ACADEMY.

Edited by T. W. H. CROSLAND.

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LIFE AND LETTERS.

WAR TIME PERSONS.

III.—THE DINERS.

"They died content," he said,
And bent a well-groomed head
Sweetly above the soup:
"Ah, splendid lads!" he sighed,
"And . . . (Waiter!) . . . think!—they died
Content! . . . (the cantaloupe
Wasn't quite ripe enough).
Real top-hole lads and tough!—
A lesson for those swine!—
(Yes, yes—uncork the wine!)

"Top-hole, I tell you!—(pish,
I'm not so keen on fish!—
Don't matter—eat it, dear)—
Beat us? Good Lord! No fear!—
With lads like that about!
(Well, well—they call it trout!)
Where can you match 'em? (Oh—
Pâtés of ris de veau!)

"All heroes!—(Gad—that's Jones—
Wolfing his damned grilled bones—
Pardon—but really—well—
Grilled bones for dinner! . . . 'Pell-Mell'?
No, darling, let us go
And see the other show)—
Our chaps are simply 'it'!—
(Not just the weeniest bit?
The waiting here's absurd:
When will they bring the bird?)

"They died content! . . . (Don't look—
There's Mumble and the duke
And Mrs. M.—of course
She does laugh like a horse!)—
They died like gentlemen!
(Chicken? No—ancient hen!—
But still the salad's good)—
My God—the British blood!

"You very nearly kissed
That fearful Casualty List?—
Ah, precious, you've a heart!—
(What excellent strawberry tart!)—
Yes, Haig's O.K., you bet
He'll smother 'em—and yet
There must be sacrifice!—
(I shouldn't risk the ice!)

"(Coffee for two—no cream!)
It all seems like a dream:
Still, we shall win right through,
As we were bound to do . . .
They died content!—(Why, sure!—
Did-ums want its liqueur? . . .
And, waiter,—that cigar!
And, waiter—call the car—
And bring the blanky bill!—
These 'neutrals' makes me ill!")

Writing to the *Saturday Review*, a gentleman of the name of Salmon says:

In my previous letters I have candidly admitted that Wordsworth was not a great critic.

Very admirable of Mr. Salmon! We shall now look eagerly for a Mr. Gluckstein to "admit" that Wordsworth was not a great poet. It is impossible to be a great poet without being a great critic, Wordsworth's—and Coleridge's—lapses notwithstanding.

And another writer—in the *Saturday's* "Notes of the Week" this time—proffers the following:

It is established that the author of "A Pair of Blue Eyes" and of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is consummate in fiction, the one consummate master in print in our country to-day. But his poetry is a strange, closed book to the public to-day. Yet here, again, is the consummate master, and the one master now. We had rather have the two or three little things in his latest book of lines than the whole of the remainder of poetry to-day—perhaps of all the poetry, good, indifferent, and bad, written since the muse of Browning and Tennyson was at her prime, and Matthew Arnold's, too.

Some of the poems of Mr. Thomas Hardy, S.R.T., are certainly more to his credit than some of his novels; but clumsy maunderings like the foregoing might appear to come with an ill-grace ("to-day") from a journal which ("to-day") flaunts on its contents bills the appended unsolicited and anonymous testimonial to its own splendour:

"I read the *Morning Post* every morning and the *Saturday Review* every week—which except a man do faithfully he cannot call himself educated."

"The best bit of literature in the mess" (to-day) should surely avoid making a mess of its best bits of literature.

In *Reynolds's Newspaper*, which is understood to stand for the democracy, we read:

An optimistic resident of Kingston Hill offers 10s. for the recovery of three lost £1 notes.

Much of the delightful philosophy of "to-day" purrs in that "optimistic."

From a column headed "Secret History of To-day" in the same newspaper we take this:

A remarkable story has just come to light of an Anzac who fell in Gallipoli. When recruits were being sought he was urged by his mother, a widow, not to join as he was her sole support, and she was so ill that at any moment she might die. The boy had a sweetheart, who . . . urged him to join up like her brothers. And because he would not do so, she sent him a letter enclosing a white feather, and on a slip of paper was written, "When I marry, I will marry a MAN." The receipt of this white feather so outraged the feelings of the boy that he enlisted and went to Gallipoli. Within a fortnight of his leaving his mother died. He fell in Gallipoli, but before dying asked a comrade to return the white feather to the girl. . . . This the comrade did, and the boy's sweetheart received the feather dyed red with her lover's blood.

A poet possessed of a trifle of the skill and sentiment which went to the composition of "Enoch Arden"—if such a poet exist, to-day—might fashion a fairly moving idyll out of such an artless tale. It is scarcely "hot" enough for Mr. Masfield, S.R.T., but it might suit Sir Henry Newbolt, S.R.T., or Mr. Barry Pain.

Currente calamo and the failure of the proof-reading eye are positively malevolent at times. Here is Mr. Garvin, S.R.T., in the *Observer*:

As little dare we forget the inseparable part of Belgium and of her sovereign, second in pure fame and dignity and moral greatness to any king in modern history.

Thus do monarchs like Ferdinand of Bulgaria get the typographical bulge of His Majesty's faithful and high-minded Ally. Mr. Garvin, S.R.T., who, by the way, tells us that he would not "willingly criticise the Prime Minister," S.R.T., must have gone hot and cold all over when he stumbled across this maddening bloomer.

Under the head of "Poetry," the *Spectator* prints some flowing topical lines called "Master and Pupil":

Two years ago I taught him Greek,
And used to give him hints on bowling;
His classics were a trifle weak;
His "action" needed some controlling.
Convinced of my superior nous
I thought him crude, and I was rather
Inclined, as master of his House,
To treat him like a heavy father.

I wrote the usual reports
Upon his lack of "concentration";
Though certainly at winter sports
He did not earn this condemnation.
I took him out San Moritz way
One Christmas, and our rôles inverted,
For in the land of ski and sleigh
His mastery was soon asserted.

I thought him just a normal lad,
Well-mannered, wholesome, unaffected;
The makings of a Galahad
In him I had not yet detected;
And when I strove to mend his style,
Blue-pencilling his exercises,
I little guessed that all the while
His soul was ripe for high emprises.

He writes me letters from the front,
Which prove, although he doesn't know it,
That though his words are plain and blunt,
He has the vision of a poet;
And lately, on his eight-days' rest,
After long months of hard campaigning,
He came, and lo! an angel guest
I was aware of entertaining.

About himself he seldom spoke,
But often of his widowed mother,
And how she nobly bore the stroke
That robbed them of his sailor brother.

For he had faced the awful King
Of Shadows in the darksome Valley,
And scorned the terrors of his sting
In many a perilous storm and sally.
Firm in the faith that never tires
Or thinks that man is God-forsaken,
From war's fierce seven-times-heated fires
He had emerged unseared, unshaken.

Quite good, for Oxford—or is it Cambridge? But for ourselves we should have blue-pencilled those easy lines about "his widowed mother" and "his sailor brother." It is as well not to impinge on the "sloppy" even in a war-piece.

And here is Mr. Binyon, S.R.T., trying his academic hand at a ballad, in the *Times*:

There are five men in the moonlight
That by their shadows stand:
Three hobble humped on crutches,
And two lack each a hand.

Frogs somewhere near the roadside
Chorus a chant absorbed;
But a hush breathes out of the dream-light
That far in heaven is orb'd.

Beyond the hills it shines now,
On no peace but the dead,
On reek of trenches, thunder-shocked,
Tense fury of wills in wrestle locked,
A chaos crumbling red!

The five men in the moonlight
Chat, joke, or gaze apart;
They talk of days and comrades,
But each one hides his heart.

They wear clean cap and tunic,
As when they went to war;
A gleam comes where the medal's pinned,
But they will fight no more.

That Mr. Binyon should so confound otiosity with simplicity distresses us beyond measure. Let him re-read "The Ancient Mariner" and mark the fair craftsmanship of which he has failed—or, for that matter, let him consider any of a score ballads by Mr. Kipling, and stand abashed before the fundamental brainwork, to say nothing of the inspiration and heartwork in them. "Frogs somewhere near the roadside Chorus a chant absorbed," "Beyond the hills it shines now On no peace but the dead," and "A gleam comes where the medal's pinned, But they will fight no more," won't do, Mr. Binyon

—nor, for that matter, will "A hush breathes out of the dream-light That far in heaven is orb'd," even though the *Times* stand sponsor for it!

To-Day, from whom we have been expecting an explanation of its assertion that "whilst his fellow-journalists were busy inventing new terms of abuse for him, Bernard Shaw was lending his powerful pen to the men who were running the war," maintains a remarkable silence on the subject; contenting itself only with a paragraph of compliment about ourselves, designed, one supposes, to turn away our terrible wrath. We have lived without compliment a long time now, and we should really be obliged if our contemporary would in some sort justify its statement about Shaw and the loan of his powerful pen, and reserve any bouquets it may have for us until a less serious occasion. *To-Day's* statement is either true or false. If it be true, there can be nothing but good in a trifle of detail. If it be false, *To-Day* should say so, even though the heavens fall and it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves.

As for Shaw's "gift of intellectual courage and readiness to put up a vigorous defence of his ideas," we have never believed in the one or the other. As a fact, it is sheer intellectual pusillanimity which prompts the kind of writing Mr. Shaw has been giving us ever since we can remember him, and when it comes to fighting, he has never had a bout in his life, except with "sparring partners" like Messrs. Chesterton, Belloc, and Zangwill, who have no punch wherewith to hit him, and are as tender of his soft places as he is of theirs. Even the *Star* can wallop him with impunity. Of course, people without stomachs are well advised to keep out of ten-foot rings, and that is why Mr. Shaw should contrive to let the war alone. He may be sure that, in spite of their "idiotic vision," the bits of lads at the front will save his body for him alive; though we doubt if they will ever again be "idiotic" enough to read his mountebank "prefaces" or tumble over one another in their eagerness to see "Getting Married." The hard-headed England which is even now emerging from the ashes of the *ante bellum* Bird of Paradise can have no use for Shaw. He should be able to live very comfortably on the thousand a year which, according to the latest tables of interest, his £20,000 in the War Loan ought to yield him. Go thou in peace, Bernard-o, and thank the Lord, of whom thou makest a gibe, that mercy would appear to endure for ever.

Reviewing in the *Star*, a contributor to the *Daily News*, Mr. James Douglas, quotes the observation that Henry James, S.R.T., "lacked the power to bid bad authors go to the devil." And, he adds, "O wad some power that giftie gie us all!"—which we take it is a plain confession that "us all" are lacking either in perception or pluck. We have never doubted it, but this is the first time we have seen it admitted. Mr. Douglas had better have a care, otherwise he will be letting the critical cat clean out of the bag—and the "bad authors" might be very cross with him.

The *Weekly Dispatch's* "World of Books" has been quite appropriately translated to a column next the City article. Cheek by jowl with "Closing Prices" and "New York Stock Market" we are told:

English writers are going to have a rude shock very shortly. They are going to wake up and find their markets in the possession of Americans. A tide of American literature is flowing over these islands and is getting stronger every day. It will soon be quite noticeable, even by the most bat-eyed of our penmen. What I am talking about is not "high-brow" literature, but the stuff the great public reads. Our writers will soon find they are too clever for their pockets. Brain is all right in its way, but it is human sympathy that tells in this matter. The American writer has discovered the art of putting the human appeal into his work and also, in a good many cases, of getting real human experience as a foundation. He is doing it in his plays, as our playwrights have already found to their cost, and he is doing it in his books, as our novelists will soon be finding to their cost.

Parliament should appoint a Committee to deal with the situation at once. Otherwise our "playwrights" and "novelists"—good, bat-eyed souls—will find themselves in the economic "cart." The Caines, the Corellis, the Garvices, the Barries, the Vachells, the Barclays, and the mammy Osgoods must be up and doing. It would be a fearful thing if the Americans really jumped "the markets."

From "An Essay to Please the Pigs" in a journal which still dotes on Shaw:

Had I to choose for myself, however, a heraldic emblem for the Englishman's home, I should not trouble the dragon or the unicorn; I think most of my aspirations and many of my practical tastes should be satisfied under the sacred image of a pig. Many deep traditions, and even delicate and intangible speculations, combine to make the simple picture of a pig a sort of signal of the presence of the normal and native things of a Christian people. It is a declaration of war upon Turks, Jews and Vegetarians. Artistically the pig is a most beautiful object, and exquisitely suited to those landscapes of South England where we have mostly seen him. He is himself a sort of rolling landscape; the rise and fall of his ample curves having almost exactly the contour of the Downs; which, by the way, ought in true poetic paradox to be balanced by some deep and gracious valleys called the Ups. I can imagine Mr. Belloc writing a poem about how hospitable they are, and how desirable, and about how he will never find them. Yet the pig, while so patriotic and domestic an image, has something about him which belongs to fairyland; a happy monstrosity; something which can become extravagant without becoming remote; something which lingers with a kind of laughter in the last demonology of gargoyles. They talk about the devil not being so black as he is painted, but I am sure he is not so gay as he was carved. The pig is as solid and incredible as an elephant; but he is too comic to permit of the evil solemnity of animal-worship. Fancies like that about whether pigs could fly are among the delightful things which are impossible without being in the least unthinkable. The mind instantly makes a picture of pink pigs with wings like cherubs. Not that I am impatient of porcine limitations, or have any irrational desire that pigs should fly. They might fly away.

Giggling author, G. K. Chesterton, who is apparently unacquainted with the fact that Barnum is dead, and that the boomerang is a weapon with a way of its own!

Extract from a letter from the front culled by Mr. Gossip, of the *Daily Sketch*:

Alfred is very busy just now with the battel being on. An epic and a revealing in eleven words; as moving in its way as "old, unhappy, far-off things and battels long ago!"

THE BALLAD OF POOR HONESTY.

"Now Good," quoth he,
 "Be good for me,
 And Evil be thou evil":
 O simple wight!—
 As well he might
 Have leagued him with the Devil—
 Who, when all's said,
 Is a gentleman bred,
 And civil to the civil.

He trudgeth forth,
 Now south now north,
 To turn the needful penny,
 Upon his back
 He bears a pack
 Through suns and snows a-many
 And mile on mile—
 With an equal smile
 For Richard and for Jenny.

"Yea these," he sware,
 "Be God's own pair,
 They will not cog or cozen,
 In smocks they go
 To milk and mow,
 And threadbare are their hosen;
 But if your due
 Be twelve, for you
 They'll count out the full dozen.

"Yet Dick, fell wretch,
 Did the hangman stretch,
 For cutting a babe's weasand,
 And by the Bench
 That brazen wench,
 Young Jenny, was imprisoned,
 That folks might cry,
 'In villainy
 The twain were properly seasoned.'

"Still Good," quoth he,
 "Be good for me,
 And Evil be thou evil;
 My grandam dear,
 Above her beer,
 Was wont to curse the Devil,
 'O little lad,
 Eschew the bad
 Which doth defile!' she'd snivel."

Upon an ass
 He is fain to pass
 Into the virtuous city,
 And soon doth stop
 With my lord bishop,
 The learned and the witty:
 ("So honest a face!")
 Mused his lordship's grace—
 And hired him out of pity.)

Here every saw
 Of the moral law
 With joy he heard repeated,
 Till on a night
 In the candle-light
 The bishop's guests were seated,
 And they played a game,
 Bezique by name,
 And my lord the bishop, cheated.

So, nothing loth,
 Our friend shogged off
 To service with a person
 Whom fools did rate
 For a prop of the state:
 There couldn't have been a worse 'un;
 For by wink or grin
 He approved the sin
 We are bidden to put a curse on.

Then a judge he served
 Who quite un-nerved
 This saint by actions foxy,
 Such as bringing home quills
 From the Office of Wills
 And going to church by proxy,
 And, once a week,
 Pinching the cheek
 Of a most offensive doxy.

"Still Good for me
 Be good," quoth he,
 "And Evil be thou evil;
 I will show my mind
 Unto mankind,
 And speak them fair and civil,
 And tell them how
 All men I know
 Are bondmen of the Devil."

He trudgeth forth
 Both south and north
 By markets and street corners,
 And saith aloud
 To the wondering crowd,
 "Ye are plagued with thieves and scorners
 And liars and cheats
 And hypocrites
 And losels and suborners!"

He was the first
 That ever burst
 Upon them with such tiding;
 Eftsoons they cried,
 "This fellow's pride
 Is surely past abiding!"
 And with grievous stones,
 They bruised his bones,
 And hurried him into hiding.

Upon the floor
 He lies full sore,
 Nor murmureth unduly,
 Although he must
 Give up the ghost
 His speech is not unruly;
 With his last breath
 He uttereth
 These words: "I ha' spoken truly!"

So passeth he
 Most miserably,
 Without or sniff or snivel:
 Unhappy wight—
 As well he might
 Have leagued him with the Devil,
 Who on the whole
 Is a decent soul,
 And returneth good for evil!

THE BULLY-BEEF POETS.

Thanks to a culture begotten of newspapers and publishers' advertisements and nourished in circulating libraries, the polite world waxes daily more curious about what we shall term hyphenated poetry. Having disposed of its "railway-porter-," "taxi-cab-driver-," "footman-," "scavenger-," "tramp-," and "convict-poets"—all, mark you, true and proper sons of the muses in their kind, and one of them, indeed, a shining and absolute acquisition to the school of Blake—the polite world is eager for further entertainment, and would seem to be more or less busy "taking up with the soldiers." Of "soldier-poets" we have already five-score. The "Lyddite Lyricist," the "Bombardier Balladist," the "Subaltern Sonneteer," the "Dithyrambic Major," the "Honey-mouthed General" are toward, if not already published, and unless the new Secretary for War gets to work on an epic or something in the *genre* of "The Dynasts," he is more than likely to find himself behindhand in the running.

Tracing the genesis of the thing in its higher aspects by dates, we may begin with April 11th. On that day, it seems, the Northcliffe *Times*—the journal which is still without an Inspector of Poetry—indulged us to a sonnet by a Corporal in the 12th Service Battalion Yorkshire and Lancashire Regiment—"name of J. W. Streets." We like corporals and Yorkshiremen and good sonnets, and as Mr. Streets' sonnet was miles ahead of a subsequent performance by the Poet Laureate in the same form and organ of opinion, we will say nothing disrespectful about it except that it contained such phrases as "There is a spot, now barren," "ashes of the mighty dead," "sodden with human gore," "fought true for Freedom," and "won . . . undying fame."

On April 12th the *Times* "gave prominence" to a letter from the Editor of the *Poetry Review*—a Mr. Galloway Kyle, we believe—who, after explaining that Corporal Streets was "now on active service," proceeded to observe:

He has been for some time a contributor to the *Poetry Review*, and a series of sonnets, "Twilight and Youth," published in our January number, truly expressed, as he himself wrote some months previously, "not only my feelings, but the feelings of thousands of others who, like myself, are on the verge of departure from England." This contribution attracted considerable attention, one typical opinion received from a stranger being, "They are remarkably fine poems and deserve wide recognition for their essential nobility of thought."

I lay stress on this because such fine work, illustrative of the fine spirit animating the New Army, endorses your own remarks made from time to time on the great office of poetry in these serious days, particularly that article of a few months ago, in which you stated that "In a time of stress like this, poetry's ancient claim to be the great consolator, the great encourager, the great life-giver, justifies itself. And any poetry which has something to say, and says it truly and finely, is more read now than it has been for a long time."

The valuable part of Mr. Kyle's letter is the pronouncement we have italicised, which, though coming as it does from the Big Sister of the *Daily Mail*, that knoweth not the difference between a sonnet and an ode, happens to be true as to its first part, and perhaps a little doubtful as to its second.

But this is by the way. On July 21st—"Burns died," says the calendar—Mr. E. B. Osborn, who is making an anthology of "real war poetry," wrote in the *Morning Post* as follows:

Thus indeed the unconquerable soul of each young crusader claps its silver wings, flies high and far, and confutes death with an undying song. Here is a sonnet by Corporal J. W. Streets, of the 12th Service Battalion Yorkshire and Lancashire Regiment, in which the "Love of Life" (such is the sonnet's title) is all the more glowing and significant for the walls of war's shadow that cannot keep it imprisoned:

Reach out thy hands, thy spirit's hands, to me
And pluck the youth, the magic, from my heart—
Magic of dreams whose sensibility
Is plumed like the light; visions that start
Mad pressure in the blood;
. . . . to yearning wed
All slothfulness of life; draw from its bed
The soul of dawn across the twilight hills.
Reach out thy hands, O spirit, till I feel
That I am fully thine; for I shall live
In the proud consciousness that thou dost give.
And if thy twilight fingers round me steal
And draw me unto death—thy votary
Am I, O Life, reach out thy hands to me!

This sonnet, we understand, has appeared in the *English Review*. There is an air and a breath about it which may or may not excuse its plain blemishes. Obviously it is quite ambitious enough, and, just as obviously, it fails in certain vital respects. But listen to Mr. Osborn's comment:

Who, knowing only the conventional stuff of non-combatant war-poets, would have thought of reading such a poem on paper stained with the mud of the trenches? It is the effortless, unfaltering sincerity of the soldier-poets which makes their roughest work so swift and sure in its appeal—especially to a critic long weary of the literature that is merely "literary," a parcel of well-tried tricks for the most part. Because of this compelling quality theirs is real war poetry, full of a sense of reality beyond all realism. In civilian war-verse the soldier never doffs the managed cloak of a spectacular heroism; "fear" is a word he must never use. . . . Yet Fear—the fear of Fear—is frankly confessed by the young soldier as yet untried in the crucible of modern warfare, with all its scientific horrors. So that, content to be himself and not play to the gallery of self-deceiving emotions, he prays that he may stand the test.

Here Mr. Osborn quotes another poem, ending, "O Lord, not often to Thee have I prayed, But grant this boon, that I be unafraid." He continues:

Whatsoever mood or emotion comes to him, no matter what those may think of it who hear only the far-off echoes and reflections of war's flames and thunders, is stuff out of which the soldier-poet will fashion his poem. He has no thought of the literary foot-lights, of the literary critics looking as solemn as hard-boiled eggs, while they nod approval of this or that familiar bit of literary business—Heaven be praised for that, for most of us are sick to death of all the Cinquevillian virtuosity of the professional literary performer!

From all of which we may deduce precisely what it is now proposed that the polite world should be "let in for." Here is Corporal Streets, a good soldier of the King, but at best—sincerely we wish it were possible to say more of him—only a "middling" poet. With a pluck which argues admirably for the New Army, but very badly for a fledgling poet, he essays the Shakespearean sonnet. Nobody since Shakespeare has put his hand to that form and triumphed; not that there is anything difficult about it, but simply because it happens to have been handled perfectly once and for all time. Yet at "the first pop," so to speak, Corporal Streets rolls into the kingdom, smashing up the barbed wire and first,

second, and third-line entrenchments of criticism like a poetical Sir Douglas Haig bent on a poetical big push.

He captures the steely and frowning redoubt of the *Poetry Review*; he crumples up the reinforced concrete of the *Times*; he makes his way into the unsavoury dug-outs of the *English Review*; he consolidates himself at the Contalmaison of the *Morning Post*; and Mr. John Murray, whose forebears published for my Lord Byron and who is to launch "Real War Poetry" on the polite world, can by no manner of means hold out against him. Before his glory, saith Mr. Osborn, "the non-combatant war-poets" become mere exploiters of "parcels of well-tried tricks," Cinquevillian performers" in metricism, who bore one to nausea, and "the" literary critics, forsooth, are as "hard-boiled eggs."

Well, so far as we are concerned, we shall count ourselves not only a hard-boiled egg, but a hard-bitten Verdun when it comes to the attacks of "real war poetry" of no greater merit than Corporal Streets', and no more discerning holders of the critical scales than Mr. Galloway Kyle, Mr. Osborn, and the anonymous "stranger" who prattles about "remarkably fine poems." We will inquire of the whole of the parties concerned—namely, the *Poetry Review*, Mr. Kyle, the *Times*, the *English Review*, the *Morning Post*, and Mr. Osborn—what would have happened to Corporal Streets' sonnets if by chance they had been written before August, 1914. The sonnet quoted by Mr. Osborn could, indeed, just as well have allowed itself to be indited by a "non-combatant" in a hammock in July, 1914, as by a corporal in a trench in July, 1916. There is nothing about it which will distinguish it for war poetry, "real" or otherwise, in the day after to-morrow. The Editor of the *Poetry Review*, of all men, should be cognisant of the fact that there are plenty of non-combatant young ladies who toss off similar soulfulness in the safe seclusion of the boarding school. Probably without knowing it, the literary Editor of the *Times* "turns down" less imperfect sonnets every day of his life. The Editor of the *English Review* would have broken the hearts of his readers and the back of his circulation if in peace time he had proffered fourteen lines so innocent of perversion. And we dare say we could prove out of the files of the *Morning Post* that Mr. Osborn himself has condemned or ignored better work, and praised the very non-combatant "trick-" poetry of which he is become so suddenly and unaccountably sick. Wherein, therefore, lies the secret of Corporal Streets' poetical aggrandisement? Answer: "He is a soldier." Good luck to him, say we, both as poet and soldier, and may he be fortunate in his every undertaking, whether of sword or pen! But there, both for Corporal Streets and all other soldier-poets, we stop. When his, or their, poetry gets past the Field Censor and arrives in happy bags on these shores, it must be sampled, judged, examined, assayed, inspected, and appraised as and for poetry and nothing else. If it is admirable poetry, let it be promulgated for admirable poetry and not as something that confers radiance on the 12th Service Battalion Yorkshire and Lancashire Regiment at the expense of the Buffs, or, because of its

bully-beef origin, puts to shame equally admirable numbers conceived upon fat capon and asparagus. And if it be other than admirable poetry, let it end where other than admirable poetry always should end—namely, in the return post, civilly "declined with thanks." And if, despite its lack of admirability, it still finds the glory of type in organs of light and leading, let no hard-boiled-egg critic hesitate to register his protest against the circumstance. Let the hard-boiled egg in his hardness reflect that khaki is no excuse for cacophony, that faulty rhymes are faulty rhymes even in the Fusiliers, that bathos is bathos no matter from what battalion it may emanate, and that balderdash is still balderdash, though it be written on blood-stained paper. In fine, the King's poetry is as greatly to be respected as the King's uniform, and it is the King's poets, and no other, who write that poetry, whether they be soldiers, sailors, tinkers, tailors, rich men, poor men, beggar-men or thieves.

And we will now bare to the polite world the whole truth about the present poetical situation. Poetry is coming from the front, not because the soldiers are there, but because the poets are there. Out of a soldier *qua* soldier you will extract no more poetry than you will extort blood out of a stone. Hindenburg is a soldier *qua* soldier, and we know what he has said about poetry. On the other hand, no amount of military discipline or adventure among high explosives will confound a really determined poet. Poets find their inspiration in sundry and diverse ways. Byron averred that Epsom salts inspired him; Tennyson was for port; Browning for Italy; Swinburne for Putney Heath. Nor must we forget Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who did himself, and us, very handsomely out of "Empire" and the now forgotten "picnic in South Africa," and to whom the great majority of the "real war poets" owe themselves. War of the vasty and stupendous sort has never before come our way. It is an inspiring thing, look at it how one will, and in the long run the poets are sure to rise to the occasion. They have risen to some extent already, and we may depend upon them to do better. But we must, also, remember that if all the people in England who imagine that they can write poetry had been sent to France in August, 1914, the Germans would have cut and run at the mere sight of the numbers of them. Large bodies of those persons have since been recruited and are now fighting shoulder to shoulder with the proper poets, and filling up their time of evenings by the composition of what Mr. Osborn would no doubt call "effortless sincerities," but which we prefer to call unrestrained doggerel. They have a perfect right to the expression of their thoughts and feelings, and it is human that they should desire to see themselves in print.

Yet doth it behove us to beware of them; in witness whereof, let us cull three marvellous verses from the unfaltering muse of another soldier-poet, whom Mr. Osborn is keeping up his sleeve for the anthology of "real war poetry":

It was good to walk the lines on Mother's Birthday
To the Hospital; along and back again;
It was good to see the Nurses and the Doctors,
And to breathe a silent prayer for dying men.

It was good to pay the men on Mother's Birthday,
And to give them but an earnest of their due,
And to see them playing footer in the evening
To keep their bodies manly, strong, and true.

It was good to have a rest on Mother's Birthday
In the evening when the day-time work was done;
It was good to sit and look across to Mother
And to contemplate the Rest when it is won.

Oh, Nine sweet daughters of Jupiter! Oh, Helicon,
thou mountain of Bœotia, on the borders of Phocis!
Oh, "unconquerable soul of each young Crusader,"
that clappeth thy silver wings and fliest high and far
to confute death with an undying song! Oh, *Morning Post*
and Mr. Osborn! Oh, mother's birthday and
father's day for reading the *Saturday Review*! Oh,
poppycock! Oh, Fireman's Wedding! "There
are many more stanzas," says Mr. Osborn "in [this]
beautiful *Benedicite* to motherhood, so simple, so sin-
cere, so busy, so soldierly. . . . What will all this
soldier's poetry be for the far, fair days to come?"
What, indeed!

A FINE OLD HEBREW GENTLEMAN.

We desire to have speech with the tribe of plutocratic scribblers, who, because they blanch in the moonshine of "success," imagine that they are bronzing in the sunlight of English letters, and who, because England happens to be at war, labour under the impression that she must depend upon them for practical and spiritual direction, uplift, support and stimulation. Will they be shocked and squeak at us in high piping Péhlevi if we beg of them in this present month of July, 1916, seriously to take stock of their combined or individual performances and tell us in what manner and to what extent the people of England have been advantaged by them; and—which is more important—whether on the whole we might not have got along if they had kept their fountain pens in their fancy waistcoat pockets. As all of them apparently hate anonymity, we will venture to do them the kindness to mention their glorious names. Here they are, in a galaxy, as it were:

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT, S.R.T.,
SIR CONAN DOYLE, LL.D.
MR. H. G. WELLS, S.R.T.
MR. G. B. SHAW, S.R.T.
MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL, B.A. (Honours).

At this precise juncture it is not for us to answer the questions we have propounded. But we will help the questioned—to all and any of whom the columns of THE ACADEMY are open for reply—by reminding each of them of a single small circumstance in regard to himself:

Mr. Arnold Bennett, S.R.T., is the author of a book called "Sacred and Profane Love," which we found by accident the other day exposed in a book booth at fivepence, for the intellectual edification of the women of an undistinguished neighbourhood. Let Mr. Bennett read page twenty-eight of his own work, and tell us that here is writing of which an Englishman may be proud.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's principal claim to greatness lies in the fact that he invented Sherlock Holmes—one of

the most stupendous achievements of the soaring human mind. Let him remember that.

Mr. H. G. Wells, S.R.T., is the author of a novel called "Anne Veronica," with regard to the dubious character of which we said our say at the time of its publication—a circumstance doubtless well within Mr. Wells's recollection.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, S.R.T., has written various patriotic treatises which are so little to the liking of the Germans that they "reprint and distribute them by millions."

Mr. Israel Zangwill produced at His Majesty's Theatre in 1911 a play called "The Melting Pot," now, it seems, a school classic—in America.

These are the men who, in their own implicit estimation, stand for English literature, English thought, English imagination, and "the British vision," and have for two years past had the unrestrained run of the newspapers, and fussed and fumed round "the great war" like so many excited hen wives round new broods of chickens. And to put a crown on things, as it were, the last-mentioned of them, namely, Mr. Israel Zangwill, actually comes before us with a stout volume, published by Heinemann, in which he has assembled, bundled up, and otherwise brought together the mass or body of his war clackerings: setting them out in pretty types and with loving care, and calling upon Heaven to witness that he is not a "pro-German," but only an apostle of "love." Mr. Zangwill chances also to be a Jew, and very sensibly refrains from the reproof of Providence over the fact. By the title of the present article we have dubbed him "a fine old Hebrew gentleman." We do this in no spirit of irony, raillery, or discourtesy, but because we imagine, rightly or wrongly, that it is as a Hebrew gentleman of the fine old school, as typified in our own time by Disraeli, and in the flight of ages past by, say, King Solomon, he would fain have us figure him.

Other people, besides ourselves, have tried to do some sort of justice by Mr. Zangwill. On the dust-cover of "The War for the World," which is the somewhat Wellsian title of the gentleman's volume, Mr. H. W. Nevins, S.R.T., is made to observe:

"In all Mr. Zangwill's best work and speeches there is a deep and prophetic note, seldom heard even in the greatest of his English-speaking contemporaries. It comes nearest to Tolstoy among the moderns, but one may trace it, I think, to the inherited influence of a race greater in prophecy than any European race has been."

At the back of the book there are eight closely-printed pages of more or less similar encomium, ranging from the *Bookman's* "Mr. Zangwill is not all poet," to *Truth's* "the 'Melting Pot' has impressed me until eternity," and from "there is a mighty sermon in it," of the *Methodist Times*, to "Mr. Zangwill combines the biting wit of Shaw with the ripe wisdom of George Meredith," of the *Berliner Tageblatt*. But these high approbations are mere golden flies in the abundantly precious ointment of Mr. Zangwill's tribute. While "The War for the World" was still hot from the press, we encountered in a Sunday contemporary the following breath-taking pæan:

Mr. Israel Zangwill is undoubtedly one of the most generally able and valuable people now habitually writing in the English language. . . . He has written short stories which, in poignancy of emotion and perfection of technique, stand beside the best of Kipling or Maupassant. His dramas—the best of which are carefully banned from production in England by our idiotic stage censors—gave assurance that in him we have a dramatist who could, were he

permitted, bring back to our theatre no little of that fine and bracing intellectual atmosphere we breathe in the society of the great Elizabethans. He is an unequalled master of the art of propaganda, and he has never, to borrow a verb from across the Atlantic, "propaganded" any cause not worthy of the burning enthusiasm which is the underlying inspiration of almost all his work. He can write verse which sticks in the memory; verse which, if not always technically perfect, is always fire in idea, facile in flow, and provocative of thought and emotion. . . . "Oliver Singing". . . is a gem of tender beauty and unforced art which would have delighted William Blake. . . . There are essays which crackle with laughter. . . . and there are pages which burn with epic indignation, and others under which the gaunt bones of irrefutable syllogisms are clothed in a fine eloquence, and there are many pages where wit and pathos and indignation and stark logic make such a mixture as could hardly be found elsewhere outside the prose essays of Heinrich Heine, with whose genius the admirable talent of Mr. Zangwill holds close kinship.

Taken by and large, therefore, our fine old Hebrew gentleman would appear to be an unthinkable tremendous person, a sort of Rudyard Kipling, Guy de Maupassant, George Meredith, William Blake, G. B. Shaw, Heinrich Heine, Leo Nikolaievitch Tolstoy, and Prophet Jeremiah rolled into one, without counting in the tally "the great Elizabethans"—Shakespeare, Marlowe, Webster, Dekker, Marston, Middleton, Chapman and the rest of them.

For the eradication of our unbelief let us turn to the lordly page itself. From "The Shakespeare Tercentenary Book of Homage," the very title of which is enough to make a decent poet sick, Mr. Zangwill reprints a sonnet beginning:

If e'er I doubt of England I recall
Gentle Will Shakespeare.

Now, to begin with, the people who call Shakespeare "gentle"—and they all do it—should never call him "Will" in the same breath:

This figure that thou here see'st put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut.

"Gentle Will Shakespeare" is simply an abomination after that. One might as well talk of "mighty Jack Milton," or "the Sublime Kit Marlowe." We are fifty years of age, and we have never called Shakespeare "Will" in prose or verse. Does Mr. Israel Zangwill speak of King Edward VII. as "Ted"? Perish the thought! Then why in a sonnet, of all austere poetical forms, write of Shakespeare as if his mother had been one's landlady? A question of taste, of course; but in a sonnet taste is very nearly the supreme question. Mr. Zangwill goes on to say that Shakespeare was "wombed in her (England's) soul and with her meadows one"—as to the first half, a bit obstetric, as to the other half, a bit flat; and he gives us this line, the fellow of which, we should like to wager, has appeared in fifty score Shakespeare sonnets by hands incomparable with Blake or Heine:

"Whose tears and laughter hold the world in thrall."

Oh, dear, oh dear! We thought the "tears and laughter" business holding "the world in thrall" belonged to dear old Charlie Dickens, or perhaps in these days to gentle Jim Barrie, Kt., S.R.T. Later the delighter of Blake and affinity of Heine assures us that Shakespeare's "art embraces all." Let us forgive him, for he knows not what the poetasters have been saying ever since the

blessed word "art" got into the sample-room! And here is Mr. Zangwill's sextet to "stick in the memory":

Such, too, is England's Empire—hers the art
To hold all faiths and races 'neath her sway,
An art wherein love plays the better part.
Thus comes it, all beside her fight and pray,
While, like twin sons of that same mighty heart,
St. George and Shakespeare share one April day.

By good rights this kind of stuff ought to share "one April day" with the far-famed "ode" of Mr. Robert Bridges—April the 1st for preference. Surely we need not tell Mr. Israel Zangwill, B.A. (Honours), that even in fourteen lines about a tobacconist, to say nothing of Shakespeare, three "alls," except for cumulative effect, are two "alls" too many, that "'neath her sway" died of old age years ago, that "art" and "heart" should not be rhymed, that "all beside her" verges on the ambiguous, and that "that same mighty heart" bears reference to nothing which has been previously stated in the poem. In *Who's Who* Mr. Zangwill is described as "man of letters," as well as "B.A. (Honours)"; and "teacher, then journalist." Next year the Editor of our only work of reference must add "poet who would have delighted Blake and whose genius holds close kinship with Heine"—not that we would give more than a fourpenny bit for all the "gems" the latter ever perpetrated. So much for Mr. Zangwill of the higher branches. He can do better than he has done in the Shakespeare sonnet; but if he loved England with a proper love he would have spared us such a dubious essay in "homage."

And now let us come to the wonderful war-talk. There are thousands and thousands of words of it, and they may be conveniently boiled down to five, which are these: "Peace is better than war." Or if Mr. Zangwill prefers it, "Love is better than hate." If you add "England should not be allied with Russia because in Russia there have been affairs called pogroms," you have all of the book that matters *au fond*. At the outset, let us absolve the author once more from the charge of being a pro-German. It seems that before the war he had a squabble with a German ticket-collector over the price of a platz-karte, which, if you please, "quickened" his "instinctive loathing for the Bismarckised State," and "crystallised" his "vague intuitions of the coming clash between British and German State-concepts in a war for the world." An account of this momentous episode occupies the very first pages of the book, and right off we are compelled to challenge. How comes it that an apostle of love, so enamoured of the mainspring of his apostleship that, in the middle of belligerent turmoils, he enquires if it is not "high time" that "we humans should use up our bombs to blow up all our other armaments"—how comes it that such a lover should have been possessed of an "instinctive loathing for the Bismarckised State"? Is loathing akin to love, as Mr. Zangwill's genius is akin to Heine, or is it more closely akin to hatred? What business had our highly-sensitised lover to go about loathing a Bismarckised State or any other species of State? And why should his loathing of a large and alien affair like the Bismarckised State be "quickened" by the trifling fact that the Bismarckised State made him part with two

marks for a seat-ticket? The Bismarckised State was acting well within its legitimate powers when it did so, for Mr. Zangwill had placed himself within the ambit of those powers when he allowed himself to be carried into German territory. What grounds had he for complaint? The answer is, "None!" Again, what grounds could he possibly have had for his "intuitions of the coming clash between British and German State-concepts in a War for the World"? Who gave him the right to presume that because a war for the world was of the essence of the German State-concept, it was, or is, or ever will be, of the essence of the English State-concept? We say that the answer is "Nobody!" Yet Mr. Zangwill sets down this impudent presumption in the forehead of his interminable discourse as if it were a commonplace and imperishable truism, and proceeds to wonder why the careless imagine that he is infected with a sneaking regard for the enemy. We doubt whether there is a page of his three hundred and forty odd which does not contain a statement or statements equally indefensible, and, therefore, equally open to what he would call misconstruction. On page 80, for example, we get this bit of studied Bayswater sophistry:

My little children lie sleeping in their beautiful home by the sea, lovely little heads haloed in curls, gentle little souls in dreamless innocence. And at any moment through the starry silence of the night may come shrieking and crashing a shell that will shatter home and babes in one fell fury. Blindly it may hurtle from an invisible telescope-eyed metal monster twenty miles at sea, along a curve rising higher than Mont Blanc, and I am helpless against it—more helpless than was the lonely farmer of the prairie against the Red Indians. But, as a citizen, I am responsible for the belchings of similar monsters against alien babes in opposite sea-places.

Since Sarah played it off on Abimelech surely there has never been a brighter exhibition of pure cunning than this. Does Mr. Zangwill mean seriously to assert that, with six thousand years of subtlety in his veins, he is "helpless" to devise means for the safety of his curled darlings? Hasn't he got horse-sense enough to bring them away from their beautiful home by the sea? Isn't London safe enough for their innocent slumbers? And if he honestly believed that "home and babes" stood the smallest chance of being rent and shattered in one fell fury, wouldn't the babes, at any rate, be at Charing Cross Station before you could say Jack Knife, or William Heinemann, or "Will Shakespeare"? And when Mr. Zangwill says that as a citizen he is responsible "for the belchings of similar monsters against alien babes in opposite sea-places," he merely lies in his throat and the truth is not in him. The responsibility for any such belchings is the responsibility neither of Mr. Zangwill nor any other British citizen, but the responsibility of the Bismarckised State which, from his point of view, chiselled him out of two marks for a seat-ticket in the beautiful days when we could travel without passports, and publish our books and stage our plays abroad as well as at home without let or hindrance. And we will tell our fine old Hebrew gentleman another thing. There is a Gentile of our acquaintance who knows quite as much about love as the most affectionate Zangwill of them all. And that Gentile has a son whose dreams of innocence or guile are dreamed in a seven-foot trench,

and not in a beautiful home by the sea. And at any moment through the roaring, death-spattering night may come "shrieking and crashing" a shell which will blow his Gentile body into a crimson mist; and the patriarchal Gentile, his father, who has never been any keener on murder than Mr. Zangwill, speaks the truth when he says that he has absolutely no power to bring the boy back into safety, and wouldn't exercise it if he had. And it is by the young strength of such Gentile boys, ably seconded by a proper sprinkling of Hebrews, and by no other power, that good man Zangwill is able to

Sit in the twilight,
Poring the problem
Of this battered old planet,
This universe tragical,
Bloodily twirling,

and to sit and pore in the comfortable knowledge that Oliver "lies in his cot," over papa's "study," "happy, sleeping and singing."

We take it upon ourselves, also, to assert that if there had been no persons of the half-baked mentality of Mr. Zangwill in this world, no advocates of love for everybody who doesn't hurt the Jews, no advocates of disarmament, no cutters-down of naval and military estimates, no fribbling, sham ideal-mongers, no male-suffragists, and no Hebrew financiers, the war might never have happened at all, and we could have gone on loving Germany and admiring her fool Culture, and swapping Wilde and Wagner with her to our hearts' content.

Whether it be time to blow up our armaments or not, it is certainly high time that we made some attempt to rid the British Press of the slippery lucubrations of people of the Shaw and Zangwill type, who in war time are dangerous, because, to use a homely phrase, they are neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. The notion that "it is best to ignore them" and that they are "without real influence" is, in our opinion, an entire mistake. Any person with power of printer's ink possesses his share of power over the come-day-go-day mind, and in the matter of printer's ink these gentry would seem to possess pretty well all the power remaining to us. This results from the fact that before the war they supplied a greater proportion of the "mental pabulum" of what is commonly known as "the thoughtful public" than any other class of writers. And, unfortunately, the pseudo "thoughtful public" is always the youthful public. Mr. Shaw has never in his life written a word which could do more than amuse, or perhaps irritate, a grown man or woman of average intellectual endowments, and Mr. Zangwill is in the like boat. They are both public entertainers by temperament and performance, and their claim to philosophic importance is the merest pretence. Mr. Shaw in particular has consistently devoted his chief energies to the gentle art of pulling legs. On the other hand, Mr. Zangwill is stupid enough to believe in himself, and puts on so serious an aspect that one is apt to forget that he began his career as a publicist on a comic newspaper, and is as fundamentally comic and flippant and foolish to-day as ever he was. He has acquired all Mr. Shaw's dexterity in palming off ques-

tionable propositions for convincing truth, and, being more of a visionary into the bargain, is in some respects the more specious of the two. Both of them derive their method from that eloquent lord of leissing, Oscar Wilde—Shaw directly, and Zangwill through Shaw; but while Wilde pretended to be superior to politics, Shaw and Zangwill delight to dabble in political concerns, and are wiser by their own conceit than the most sagacious statesman who ever slapped waistcoat. Here is Zangwill on the Front Bench, as it were:—

Who can tell to what desperate recourse their [the German's] descendants may be driven? They may prefer to go down fighting to the death. Long ago the Kaiser picturesquely threatened to "arm every dog and cat in the Empire"; last December the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* proposed imposing a year of service on all girls at eighteen, and recently Herr Rudolph Keller, a member of the Austrian House of Deputies, published a book called "War against Civilians!" urging the starving of all conquered territories. The British prisoners and interned would anyhow be the first to be deprived of food. And could we complain? Could we complain even if the Zeppelins, ceasing to try for military targets, as I am convinced they have done hitherto, should establish themselves above a crowded city quarter and rain down remorseless death? The marvellous British imperturbability might not indeed be shaken, and the bulldog grip is not without its savage sublimity, and even its measure of justification in the prior "frightfulness" of German policy. But the question is, can we—even though unalarmed—allow such horrors and holocausts, when we have only to move a finger to ensure—in co-operation, of course, with our Allies—a satisfactory and honourable peace?

With what relish will these all-British words be read in Germany, and with what misgivings in neutral countries; what an inspiration and justification do they offer for the wry-mouthed "conscientious" objector and the half-witted stop-the-war crank at home, and with what a glow will they be received by the hard-pressed fighting-man abroad! Mr. Zangwill is as fully aware as we are that if by the moving of a thousand fingers, much less one, a satisfactory and honourable peace could be secured, those fingers would be moved forthwith. He knows, as well as we know, that the only satisfactory and honourable peace possible in the circumstances is a peace which must leave Germany in a position of undisguisable failure which will be the mock and by-word of mankind for generations to come. Yet he must sophisticate, or perish in the attempt. Somewhere else in this book he complains querulously of the intolerable restrictions which have been imposed upon him by the censorship. The marvel to us is how anybody in his senses can suppose that we have a censorship at all while ignominious twaddle of this kind is permitted to be published.

Like all writers of his kidney, Mr. Zangwill ululates at the top of his voice for the moon, but innocently omits to tell us by what precise and definite means we are to get it for him. Perhaps he is discreet. His real defect is a defect of the soul. Deep down in him he has the taint of cosmopolitanism. The world is his country; all men, except the Russians, are his compatriots; he protests that he is no pro-German; equally he gets rid of plenty of careful sentiment which cannot be called "anti-English"; but that is as much as one may say for him. To make an end of a wonderful business, we take leave to reproduce his dedication, which runs as follows: "To the Englishman, too modest to be

named, too unassuming to question his Government's wisdom or righteousness, who, abandoning all worldly and with no other worldly hopes, went to the front as simply as in the daily war for the world, and returned crippled and uncomplaining save of his uselessness to his country, this book—of which he might not wholly approve—is, without permission but with admiring affection, dedicated."

Well, "the Englishman" will not approve. We have read Mr. Zangwill with more care than he deserves. We bestow upon him space which will make his heart leap for joy, for he has the vanity of the peacock, and is as keen on business as if his address were Petticoat Lane instead of Hare Court, Temple. Yet, fine old Hebrew gentleman though he be, we tell him to his face that his fleers at the country which shelters and feeds him are unbecoming, that his much-vaunted spirituality is a rottenness, and that his grievances have no rational basis, but are founded in egotism and arrogance. Till the war is over, at any rate, he might do us the favour to hold his tongue.

T. W. H. CROSLAND.

TWO-LINE PARABLES.

The Rainbow was not upset when the Dyer killed himself out of despair.

In a race for the Soul of a man, Charity ran easily first, Faith a good second, and Hope nowhere.

Age wept for Youth, and Youth mocked at Age—both of them having wit.

The Shilling was merry all week. But the Penny went to Church on Sunday.

It was the Goat who shaved off his beard and said, "I shall be wiser, now!"

The Liar never could get himself believed till he learnt German.

On his forty-second birthday the Pen began really to imagine that he was mightier than the Sword.

To women, Fury said, "War is war!"—to men, "Mercy, Kamarad!"

Villainy found that she could plot just as well over afternoon tea as over cold poisons.

The Rose pricked the young woman's thumb. The Lily broke her heart.

When Thrift was kicked out of the treasuries, the Poor Man gave her shelter.

REVIEWS.

WAR AFTER WAR.

The Munitions of Peace.—By H. E. MORGAN. (Nisbet.) 2s. 6d. net.

In a manner not defined, Mr. H. E. Morgan has come to be almost as closely identified with *Munitions of War* as Mr. Lloyd George himself. We shall not attempt to explain, or account for, the fortuity which would appear to have placed a great Empire in a position of dependence on two simple Welshmen for vital service at a vital moment, but we may perhaps venture to suppose that the accident is not really quite so much of an accident as it seems, and that though one of the parties began his career as a minor limb of the law, and the other in the printing and publishing business, they were both, as a fact, heaven-born munitioners, pre-ordained by Fate to make things fairly warm for the Hohenzollerns. Be this as it may, Mr. George and Mr. Morgan alike are linked with big guns and high explosives indissolubly and in the most memorable way, and history will have to cherish their names, if nothing more. Mr. Lloyd George's justification for being Mr. Lloyd George is a matter which will doubtless take care of itself; and his justification for having called to his aid the author of the present volume will be readily apparent to anybody who peruses its pages. Plain unvarnished sense has never been an altogether common or vastly overrated gift among Englishmen, or, for that matter, among Welshmen, whose outlook, on the whole, tends to the visionary rather than the practical, and is apt to dwell too lovingly on the glories of tradition and too impatiently on the prosaic utilities of life. The attitude of the average Briton towards the war offers a good instance in point. It is safe to say that even now—despite all that two years of life-and-death wrestling has taught us—our minds are still fixed on visionary, and not material, things. We embarked in the adventure of adventures because we believed that our honour was involved. It is true that we have since given a measure of thought to the question of our security, but honour was the first consideration—deny it who will. And when we talk about an honourable peace, we mean an honourable peace, and nothing else. We are coveting nobody's territory, plotting for the acquisition of nobody's substance, desiring nobody's downfall for the mere purposes of our own aggrandisement. Yet we know that the enemy with whom we contend initiated the struggle with far other designs, his aspiration being for the sheer spoils of victory, and the domination of the world for the sake of the profit he imagined such domination would bring him. In brief terms, while England is out for honour and defence, Germany is out for aggression and—business. In suggesting the methods whereby we may hope to continue our national life on something like a rational footing after the peace, Mr. Morgan takes no note of these circumstances. He presumes that, when all is said to the contrary, we acknowledge the world to be a mundane affair, and admit that if man does not live by bread

alone, it is utterly impossible for him to live without it. So that we must not anticipate the new England of the peace as an England of war-bright conquerors with leisure and grace to rest on their hard-won laurels, but pre-figure it as an England which will have to envisage more or less perplexing economic, commercial, and industrial problems, that only energy, organisation, application, and business sense can solve. Superficially considered, Mr. Morgan's book is a sort of assembling and marshalling of a series of truisms—truisms so obvious and so patent, indeed, that one wonders how he has had the endurance to set them down. For example:

The manufacture of guns, shells, high explosives, etc., which occupies so much of the nation's time and energy at present, is comparatively unimportant in peace-time. Such articles as boots, clothing, motor-cars will be necessary in peace as in war, but in far smaller quantities. Lastly, a number of industries—such as the furniture, musical instrument, and cheap jewellery trades—are enjoying at present an unwonted prosperity due to a temporary increase in the spending-power of certain sections of the community. These and the normal trades—those which are not greatly affected one way or the other by the operations of war—will inevitably suffer in peace.

But there they are, and while the conclusions he deduces from them do not always strike us as being unassailable, they have the merit of extreme desirability. For example, those persons to whom the blessed word "peace" brings up vistas of a resumption of the unrestrained ease and enjoyment of the silken days which preceded the war, the following may not be much more pleasant reading than the multiplication table:

In the strenuous life of the future, when every nerve of the nation will have to be strained to hold our commercial supremacy, there will be no room for drones, however ornamental. Every fit man and, to a large extent, every fit woman will need to be a worker.

Think of it! One feels that of a surety there should be no room for drones. And yet one may reasonably assert that numbers of the "fit" might manage somehow to jog along without toiling (or spinning) in any arduous sense. On the other hand, clearly, it will be a pity if they get off. Mr. Morgan is no pessimist, however, for he adds:

Nor will this in itself, quite apart from its object, be by any means a national evil: it is the idleness of over-prosperity—the lack of a need to work—which has most seriously threatened our position among the nations of the world and has sapped the mental, moral, and physical energies of our people. Much cant has been talked about the Gospel of Work, but at least it is a Gospel which gives promise of curing many of the individual and social evils from which we suffer.

We should advise the slothful unflinchingly to peruse Mr. Morgan, if only that they may help themselves to an inkling of the true nature and character of the good time coming. Of course, our author's main concern is with serious business people, and to these he proffers sufficient information, suggestion, and exhortation. He is neither dull nor prolix nor statistical, as writers of "practical" treatises are frequently too apt to be, and if "*The Munitions of Peace*" does not quite fit in with our idea of the final word on a big subject, we can nevertheless recommend it with confidence to the commercial soldier who desires to quit himself like a man in the campaigns which lie behind Berlin.

"CAMEOS FROM THE CLASSICS."

No better compliment could be paid than the remarks of the prisoners captured. "Who are we up against?" they ask; "Guards?" "No, simply Kitcheners." Then you see them stagger—this is without exaggeration.—*Sergeant's Letter*.

What appropriate names the Germans do invent for their towns and villages. What could be better than "Muckenbergr," for instance, for the scene of the disgraceful episode recorded in the American reports on prisoners' camps in Germany?—*Daily News*.

It is usually said that man's pleasure in the fragrant and the palatable has no correlated æsthetic emotion like that which accompanies looking at the beautiful or listening to music. But we doubt the accuracy of this hard-and-fast statement, and are inclined to think that the difference is in degree, not in kind.—*New Statesman*.

And how far is affection between one soul and another to be depended on? It is a commonplace that people can grow to forget. You may be very fond of someone to-day and in ten years find that his or her image has grown dim in your mind. The old proverb that absence makes the heart grow fonder is not usually true if the absence is prolonged.—*R. J. Campbell*.

When, therefore, the war ends, a fresh army must be mobilised of those who are resolved that come what may we must never in any sense become Prussian, that our victory shall be moral and intellectual as well as military, and that those whose "spiritual homes" are in Prussia shall no longer preach and practise their diabolical gospel through the British Empire.—*The Decline of Liberty in England*.

Nature sometimes indulges in freaks, such as melanism and albinism. Frederick I. was a Hohenzollern freak. His successor, Frederick William I., is described by Mr. Ellis Barker as "a coarse-minded, ignorant brute, as uncultured as was President Kruger, but possessing, like Kruger, great natural abilities." His ruling passion was parsimony. His predecessor spent 6,000,000 thalers on his coronation. His own expenditure on this account was 2,457 thalers and 9 pfennigs. No detail escaped his attention. His Ministers were ordered to meet at 7 a.m. in summer and at 8 in winter. At 11 a.m. the head cook asked whether they required dinner. In that case, they were to have "four good dishes—namely, a good soup, a good piece of boiled beef with vegetables, a good dish of fish, and a good piece of roast beef, mutton or veal. In addition, there should be a quart bottle of good Rhine wine for every person." Further, in order to reduce the number of servants, "every one of the Ministers was to receive together four plates and a glass, and a large basket was to be provided into which the soiled plates could be put." All Prussian clergymen were instructed in every sermon that they preached

to insist on "the duty of paying the taxes punctually." Sermons were to be short. "If a sermon lasted longer than an hour, the clergyman was to be fined."—*Spectator*.

It is a great sight to see the man of forty-two arrive at a seaside hotel. He looks round apprehensively to see whether there are any youthful rivals; if other young "bloods" of his age are visible he draws himself up in a "Do you bite your thumb at me, sir?" attitude. If there are only a lot of old fellows of fifty round him he bourgeons out at once as the "boy" of the party. He cultivates the light, elliptical, slangy talk of youth; he is restless and energetic; he tells you that "this is a topping place"; he has a squire's eye for dames and damsels; he even becomes romantic.—*Daily Mail*.

Gifted literary men have been obliging us recently with picturesque speculations upon the profound psychological changes that are going on in the New Armies. We must not be too ready to recoil from their highly imaginative assurances to the opposite extreme of supposing that the ten millions or so of people who have been engaged either in Army or Navy or upon some special war-time work have not got a very much clearer idea of the possibility of great national businesses and a much stronger disposition to prefer direct public service to work under individualist control.—*Times*.

The word "Blighty" is a corruption by our British soldiers in India of the Hindustani word "Vilayti," sometimes pronounced by Indians themselves as "Wilayti" and "Bilayti"; meaning literally, people "near the confines of India"—that is, "Foreigners"—this term being applied by native Indians to Persians, Turks, and Englishmen. The word is formed of the Arabic "vala," used by the Arabs themselves of Arabia.—*Sir George Birdwood in the Observer*.

The Great Amphibian is a female beast, not clever, but very tough; short-sighted, but very patient; slow and clumsy, but very strong and fierce. Her home is in the broad seas. You cannot voyage upon them without seeing her dorsal fins cutting blue water: and all over the world she has deposited her young. She moves at all times freely about the great and narrow waters, and when minded she bars their passage to all others. If need be, she can crawl or even dart ashore—first, a scaly arm with sharp claws; then, if time and circumstances warrant it, a head with teeth, and shoulders that grow ever broader; and then she can draw out convolution after convolution of muscular body till one cannot tell where the end of her may be found. Or she can return again to the deep, and strike anew, now here, now there, and no one can guess where the next attack will fall. While she fights, her strength waxes. She is invigorated, not exhausted, by effort, and her ancient craft in war is gradually revived in her as the struggle deepens. Only she eats too much, and wastes too much, and costs a lot to keep. Withal the Great Amphibian is faithful unto death.—*Winston Churchill in the Sunday Pictorial*.

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